

thunder, fire, and honey.

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thunder, fire, and honey.

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Summary

“And if I was?”

George tenses, hand fisting in his sweats as his heart thunders hard against his ribcage. “What?”

“What if I was into guys?” Dream says, tipping his head back up to fix George with a heavy stare that sets his skin alight. “What then?”

Or, Dream starts a conversation, and it takes an interesting turn.

Notes

HELLO I AM HERE

don't laugh but this is my first time writing a semi spicy kiss scene so pls dont laugh at me it's funky ok I HAVE NEVER BEEN KISSED IDK HOW TF IT WORKS.

forgive me if there are typos, my followers on twitter were bullying me to post it so i barely read back over it. hope u enjoy <3

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

“Hey George?”

George looks up from his phone at the man sitting across the room on the opposite couch. The fingers drumming across his thigh pause as he cocks his head to the side in questioning.

“Yeah?”

Dream sets his own phone down beside him. “Can I ask you something?”

George blinks, a small stroke of anxiety blooming in his gut. Why is it so nerve wracking to hear those words? What does he think Dream is going to say, *it's been cool having you live with me but I was wondering if you could go back to London 'cause I've realised you're actually fucking annoying lol bye.*

George violently shakes his head.

“Oh.” Dream says. “Sorry I-”

“No, sorry.” George coughs awkwardly. “That wasn't for you. Go ahead.”

Dream gives George an odd look and he flushes, reaching for his glass of water he left on the coffee table. Raising the glass to lips gives his hands something to do while he pointedly avoids Dream's eyes.

“Do you ever sometimes think about us actually dating?”

Turns out the glass of water was a bad idea, as George promptly chokes. His eyes water and his face flushes red as he convulses, trying to stop himself from spitting out a mouthful of water all over the floor.

“You okay?” Dream asks, and *fuck him* for sounding like he's about to laugh. Once George manages to swallow the water he wipes his mouth with the back of his hand and gives Dream a

glare.

“Where the fuck did that come from?” He says, the words coming out raspy and a little strangled.

Dream shrugs, eyes flicking back to his own phone as he continues scrolling, ignoring George’s bewildered stare. “Dunno. Was just on my mind.”

“It was just *on your mind*?” George says, exasperated. “How can dating me just be on your mind?”

“Oh come on George,” Dream says, “We joke about it enough that millions of people on the internet think we secretly already are. Is it really that weird for me to think about it sometimes?”

Though Dream is trying his best to be casual and appear unbothered, George can tell by the tense line of his shoulders that he’s nervous. With a stroke of surprise he realises that this conversation might mean a little more than Dream is letting on.

“I mean I guess I’ve thought about it,” George says carefully, trying to think of the best words to use. “But they don’t know what’s going on behind the scenes. It’s not really realistic, is it?”

Dream’s shoulders tighten. “Not realistic? Why?”

“Uhm,” George blinks. “Because you’re not into guys, Dream.”

Dream doesn’t respond, Adam’s apple bobbing as he sinks into the back of the couch pillows and tips his head back. George can’t relax, the conversation filling the air with a charged energy that he feels prickling across his skin and twisting in the pit of his stomach.

“And if I was?”

George tenses, hand fisting in his sweats as his heart thunders hard against his ribcage. “What?”

“What if I was into guys?” Dream says, tipping his head back up to fix George with a heavy stare that sets his skin alight. “What then?”

George's mouth goes dry, and he suddenly feels unsure how to handle the turn this conversation has taken. His instinct screams at him to laugh it off, crack some stupid joke and retreat back behind the protective cover of "straight guy banter" he's catered for so long. It's safe there. No chance of actually getting hurt.

But the other part of him meets Dream's eyes and sees the earnest longing and fear. Dream isn't hiding behind anything. He's placed himself in front of George under a spotlight, vulnerable and raw.

"If you were into guys," George says steadily. "Then it might change things."

Dream's eyes nervously alight.

"So you're saying that if I was into guys," He says slowly, obviously trying very hard to rein in his excitement from bubbling over. "That we could be something more."

George's stomach lurches. *Is this conversation actually happening?*

"If you were into guys," George swallows, "then maybe."

"Might? Maybe?" Dream says exasperatedly. "Can you give me a straight answer?"

"You're the one throwing hypotheticals around!" George raises his voice, nerves getting the better of him. "'If I were into guys', what the fuck am I supposed to do with *if*?"

Dream falters. "I thought you'd be able to read between the lines."

He can. George is well aware of what Dream is trying to say and what it means. But some part of him still can't quite believe it.

He looks up from his trembling hands, right into the golden eyes fixed on him. "I need you to spell it out for me."

“Fine,” Dream says, the tension seeping out of his shoulders as the words build themselves up on his tongue. He breathes, meeting George’s eyes. “I like you.”

George blinks.

“I’ve liked you for a long time and for all that time I’ve wanted us to be something more. But I never said anything because I didn’t want to scare you. But if I’m being honest?” He stands then, two long strides all it takes for him to be stood in front of George. George has to crane his neck upwards to continue meeting his eyes, and it causes a heat to fall around his neck and shoulders. *Fuck.*

“I know you like I know myself, George,” Dream says, words confident but voice shaking. “And it’s because I know you that I know what you feel towards me is a little more than just friendship.”

George is trying his best not to tremble, Dream’s words crashing over him in a wave of icy heat. He wants to run, hide behind the wall he’s built up for himself in the form of his bedroom door. But even if he ups and leaves now, this conversation still happened. Even if George leaves Dream hanging here in favour for running away, they’ll never return to what they once were. Dream has broken the facade they’ve built of being just friends, and for a fleeting moment George resents him for it.

He rises to his feet, levelling Dream with a hard stare. He’s close enough that he can see every detail of Dream’s face. Every old acne scar, every freckle, every imperfection and curve. It’s a face he’s only known for a few months, but it belongs to a man he’s known for years.

I know you like I know myself.

He thinks of the teenager Dream was when they first met. A shaky forum post filled with spelling mistakes asking for someone to code his server. George couldn’t have known then.

Later, when they met again by chance. When Dream was no longer a clueless teenager, but a developer, who’d learned his skills from nothing but youtube videos. He joked that it’s all thanks to George because he’d left him on read. George couldn’t have known what Dream would become

Slowly they became friends, late night calls showing each other code, playing minecraft together with the stupid plugins they’d helped each other create. And then, after a ridiculous amount of

research and planning, Dream makes his first Youtube video. Extending a hand with a laugh and lofty proclamations of “*I’m going to blow up, George. Come with me.*”

George took the hand, and never looked back.

And as Dream stands before him now, confidence crumbling and eyes pleading, George realises Dream has never once failed him. Not in their career, and not in their friendship. Dream dedicates himself entirely, and if he means his words like George already knows he does, then he has no reason to worry about what will come next.

The the panic clears, and George realises he’s tired of running.

In one swift movement he stands, hand flying up to grip the back of Dream’s neck.

“Don’t tell me how to feel, asshole.” He says, before pulling Dream down and crashing their lips together.

It’s messy, Dream a tense wall of shock against him. But once the moment of surprise and uncertainty fades, Dream’s brain seems to kickstart, and he kisses back with eager enthusiasm. George’s hand on the back of Dream’s neck travels up further, fingers running through his hair and tugging lightly on the blond strands. Dream gasps into the kiss, hands flying to George’s waist and gripping tightly as revenge.

George’s spine curves as Dream pushes into him, kissing him with a such intensity he’s never experienced before. The grip on his hips squeezes hard enough to bruise as a tongue swipes across the seam of his lips. George opens his mouth without hesitation, his eagerness almost dizzying. He doesn’t regret it. Dream tastes like boiling hot cocoa on a freezing day, honeycomb chocolate and *home*.

George feels faint. It feels incredible to have Dream’s hands on his waist, bodies flush as they curve into each other, their lips locked. Dream feels, sounds, *tastes* like the best thing George has ever experienced.

Finally , a voice yells inside of him. George couldn’t agree more.

Dream pulls away first, and George unabashedly whines, straining to recapture Dream’s lips.

Dream just laughs breathlessly, as bringing a hand up to cup George's cheek and leaning their foreheads together.

"Knew it."

"Ugh," George scowls, foggy head clearing immediately. He pulls back to give Dream a hard shove, ignoring the swarms of butterflies still flapping around in the burning heat of his stomach. "And you wonder why I never said anything. I was trying to prevent further inflating your enormous ego."

Dream grins, unfazed. He's absolutely glowing, eyes filled with golden happiness and overflowing love. George feels his heart tug painfully at the plainly obvious fact that *he*'s the cause.

"I can't believe you thought I was straight."

"Shut *up*." George says, turning his head and trying to step back, forgetting about the couch right behind him. His calves collide with the edge and he stumbles back, falling against the cushions. Dream doesn't hesitate to follow, looming over him with a smile.

"You couldn't tell I was into you? We've known each other for six years." Dream says, accentuating each word with a playful prod at George's stomach. "*Six years.*"

George grabs Dream's offending hands with a scowl. "And I've hated you for every single one."

"You literally kissed me first."

"Ever consider it was to shut you up?"

"In that case," Dream says, grin not fading as he pulls a hand from George's grip to settle on his hip bone once more, fingers lightly tracing the hem of George's cotton t-shirt. "Maybe I should keep talking."

George glares, but when Dream leans forward to press more honey sweet kisses to his lips, he lets him with a content sigh.

“So,” Dream says, their foreheads still pressed together and lips lightly brushing together as he talks. “Thought anymore about my earlier question?”

“Huh?” George says, pushing up off the catch to recapture Dream’s lips. He’s not really paying attention to Dream’s words, kind of just waiting for him to shut up so he can resume kissing him. Something George is quickly figuring out is one of his new favourite things to do.

“You know,” Dream says, and George feels him smile against his lips. “Ever think us about dating?”

George pulls away, giving him an unimpressed stare. “You’re such an idiot.”

Dream’s smile doesn’t fade, the hesitant fingers dancing along the edge of George’s shirt finally delving underneath. A warm hand runs across the smooth plane of George’s stomach, settling on his jutting outline of his hip bone. His touch sends flames burning across his skin and blood rushing south. “That’s not really an answer sweetheart.”

“Fine,” George says, ignoring the way his head swims at the pet name. He wants to know how many more variations he can coax from Dream’s lips. He stubbornly fixes Dream with a heavy lidded glare. “My answer is no.”

Dream scoffs, breathy laughter filling the air between them. His eyes glint when he tilts his head down, slowly leaning in once more. “You sure?”

George breath hitches, eyes fluttering as Dream’s lips brush against his own and the hand on his hip squeezes tightly. George skin buzzes pleasantly at the prospect it’s hard enough to leave bruises. Pink and purple marks in the shape of fingertips.

“Mhm,” George murmurs as they collide once more with thunder, fire and honey.

“Never once crossed my mind.”

End Notes

ty for reading!

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